Behind Closed Doors

By Paula Puddephatt

What happens when the music stops? The carousel horses cease to move? Who are we really, behind closed doors?

The world sees John and Chloe. Chloe and John. The perfect couple. Ideal. Golden. Shimmering.

The world is viewing the carousel in motion. By night, the fairground justifiably sleeps.

Or does it? We've all heard those stories, haven't we? Of the haunted carousel variety.

Regardless, nothing glitters constantly. We don't always shine and shimmer. You honestly have no idea.